

WE must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ to give an account of the deeds done in the body, whether they be good or evil.

GOD'S answer to the rich egotist: "Thou fool: This night shall thy soul be required of thee. Then whose shall those things be?"

# THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY

Vol. IV. No. 5.

WILLIAM BOOTH,  
General of the S. A. Forces throughout the world.

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"WEIGHED IN THE BALANCES AND FOUND WANTING."

A Self-made Man—SELF all through. Every speculation successful—all for number one, BUT when weighed in the balances against a good life, he cannot begin to turn the scale.

## LOVE DROPS.

J. McD. K.

**T**HE Spirit-filled life is just the opposite of the self-filled life.

888

It should not take a Christian long to decide which mode he will have.

888

The gold, silver and precious stones will abide the fire of the Judgment Day.

888

The low level life is unsatisfactory here, and will be a failure hereafter.

888

Keep in the current of the Divine will, and burdens will be blessings and duties delights. Even persecutions shall taste sweet.

888

Spiritual advancement, soul satisfaction, and abiding heart rest is the normal condition of all who are made perfect in love.

888

It is abundantly plain from Scripture, that for the regenerated soul, there is in Christ another blessing over and above being born of the Spirit, spoken of as the fulness of the Spirit.

888

The Spirit-filled life considers Jesus, serves Jesus, pleases Jesus, lives for Jesus, for Jesus, and is ready to lay down the life for Jesus. The opposite life serves self, considers self, and lives to please self.

## TIPS FOR TALKERS.

## Get Past the Crab Apples.

**A**GENTLEMAN was invited into a garden to taste the apples. "No," he said, "I would rather not," and being often asked to partake, and yet refusing, the other said, "I guess

You've a prejudice against My Apples."

"Yes," said the man, "I have tasted a few of them and they are very sour."

"But which?" said he, "did you taste?"

"Why, those apples which fall into the road over the hedge."

"Ah, yes," said the owner, "they are as sour as erbs; I planted them for the good of the birds, but if you come into the middle of the lot, you will find a different flavor," and it was so.

Now, just around the border of religion, along the outer edge, there are some very sour apples of conviction, self-denial, humiliation and self-despise planted on purpose to keep off hypocrites and mere professors; but in the midst of the garden are delicious fruits, mellow to the taste, and sweet as nectar.

## Like Ripe Indian Corn.

**I**N passing through the great fields of Indian corn in some Western State, one observes that the ears which are small and green and not filled out, stand perfectly erect upon the stalk, while the ears that are ripe and brown and weighed down with golden grain, bend over, so that the husk forms an umbrella, completely protecting the fruit. The best people are like the Indian corn with the husks of Christian experience, they stand low with humility and a sense of imperfection. As birds fly home to their bivouacs, their thighs laden with pollen, which they shake off, and never looking back fly away again for another load, leaving it for others to pass the afternoon in the earth, so the true Christian follows the things which are behind and reaches forth unto those things which are before. It is a good motto, to do all the good you can, to all the people you can, and make us little fuss about it if you can.

## Doomed to Die for One Sin.

**M**AJOR ANDRE, the British spy, was condemned to death by death-warrant of André. "But the safety of the young Republic would not permit the deed of mercy. It is very ill being in a terrible secret, and the punishment must have been the fruit of pardoning one André." "Therefore," said the commander-in-chief, "He is a spy. By the laws of war, his life is forfeit. He must die." And die he did.

What about the traitors to Christ? If THEY all did there would be a great many extra funeral processions.

## The Astronomy of Holiness.

## A NINETEENTH CENTURY PSALM.

By ARTHUR BOOTH-CLIBORN, Commissioner.

## HOW AND WHY.

## "First Principle."

OME of my readers may have half forgotten the "first principle" of "astronomy," learnt when they were "children." We have all been busy since then, and as in this poem, has for its subject the illustrations and application of the most vital of all truths: the duty of universal love and exemplification, an experience or state of soul which all may enjoy if they will pay the price, it may be of practical service to a few readers to refresh their memory as to the laws of heaven and the laws which govern them. This will facilitate an understanding of the spiritual truths here set forth.

I therefore recall, below, some of the elementary facts of astronomy.

This song is giving a brief, but not of the best, popular account, and on aspects of holiness observed in other lives, justifies the hope that it may give birth to the experience of heart-holiness in others.

Those to whom it would be merely interesting as a new theory had better adduce the proofs of values of divine by adding or condemning.

I offer this song as an act of worship to Him who woke it in my soul when in worship alone with Him.

It may help some in spiritual solitude, inward or outward.

Men's souls demands intense words, and gives birth to them, for both come from God. May these words in their turn give birth to the worship of sacrifice, uttermost sacrifice for the sake of the lost, and thus return to HIM, from the rate of more than 11 million miles a minute—and though a ray of light at that speed only takes eight minutes to reach us.

That is why I call them a psalm.

If no music is found in the soul to which this psalm can be sung, and yet the WILL to worship him there—the EFFORT to worship by the use of these words, will be a help in the tuning of the soul up to them.

That is the double object of all psalms. Born of love their object is to give birth to love, by the expression of love.

## The Stars and Worlds of Space.

The STARS are all alike to our own. Our sun is more than a million times larger than this earth, and yet Sirius, the Dog Star, is twelve times the size of our sun. Some two million stars are visible from our globe. Most of them are incomparably larger than the immense luminary which pours such floods of light and heat over our world across the intervening distance of 91 million miles.

The PLANETS, the "worlds of space," revolve round these stars. Some have probably "green fields" like our own. The stars round which they move are themselves, like our sun, moving round or towards some infinitely distant point.

SPACE is the infinite void in which

they all live and move. It is supposed by some to be filled with an infinitely thin something, called ether, and by others to be utter emptiness.

ATTRACTION OR GRAVITATION is the law by which they all move. It acts upon them according to their distance from each other.

Each sun attracts or draws its planets powerfully towards itself. But as the speed they have acquired impels them onward with a force counterbalancing their tendency to rush towards their center, they are held in their orbits about that centre in their fixed orbit or path. Attraction thus gives them life or movement, they being pusively yielded to its sway. This force, by animating their weight, so to speak, keeps them regular and punctual, and maintains them in their orbits, and regards the centre and as regards each other.

When a planet in its course approaches another, or when a comet passes near, they all bend slightly from their path in obedience to a mutual attraction, while at the same time remaining faithful to their own individual course.

SPEED.—Our world is rushing through space at the rate of more than fifteen hundred miles a minute, and yet how "peaceful" are its landscapes and its "green fields."

THE DISTANCES in space are so great that the rays of light now falling upon our eyes from one of those stars, left that star before the time of Abraham, though it has been over since travelling at the rate of more than 11 million miles a minute—and though a ray of light at that speed only takes eight minutes to reach us.

Out in the void, at an infinite distance and in deep darkness, are said to be worlds which, being beyond the pale of any effective influence on the part of a sun or its planets, are deprived of all life, either the life of movement or of vegetable or animal life upon their surfaces.

## Nineteenth Century.

These astronomical facts being chiefly of modern discovery, I call this a nineteenth century psalm. All knowledge should assist us in the days of Job, David and Solomon, to comprehend and understand; otherwise it turns merely to self-pleading and pride. When knowledge and obedience do not keep pace, increased knowledge is simply increased sin, increased hardness of heart, and surer damnation.

If there be the absence of HOLINESS in the soul, it is to be expected that it becomes criminal in one century than in another, surely it must be, in a century in which the character of the Creator and of His laws, as manifested in nature, are more fully and more widely known than in any preceding period.

But when, with all their science and civilization, men are as resolute as ever in their decision not to surrender to God, when they are much as ever "lovers of pleasure," when true reverence for the Almighty, true humility, true worship, and

"walking in the Spirit" are as unfashionable as ever, are as not God's people called to experience and, to testify that the ABSOLUTE obedience to the Creator is not only possible, but that it is the highest of all pleasures, and that the greatest of all luxuries is to be "pure in heart" and to make the supreme sacrifice for the salvation of the lost?

Should they not be able to testify to the truth of Christ's words that God can clothe the soul with a beauty equal to that of the lilies of the field? Should they not be able to tell the feverish, passion-tormented worldlings that the contemplation of restfulness and peace which descends upon man as he looks up into the starry heavens at night, is destined to him not only above him, or around him in nature, but also IN HIM?

Should they not be able to assure him that life under the law of IN is one of as perfect freedom as that of those glorious worlds of space, and that the fully surrendered soul obeys that law from preference and with delight?

Should they not be able to tell those who are led by worldliness into the darkness of sin that they can walk in "everlasting light" with "no condemnation," but with the blue sky of the love of God stretching ever above their souls; and that to those who "love God with all their heart" HIS WILL appears just like the blue sky above them, direct on every path all parts being alike, all equally good—so that they cannot choose their lot, prefer any comfort or reject any cross, but see GOD ALONE in all the dispensations of His providence, accepting with equal facility all manifestations of the good and perfect and acceptable will of God—thus enjoying the peace which passeth all understanding.

Instead of trying to make religion "attractive" as Constantine did by introducing a semi-pagan or worldly element which appealed to the carnal mind, the early church should thus not rather seek to make it attractive by the "beauty of holiness?"

When Christ has become the one centre of attraction and rules and reigns in our inward heavens, then our one passion is to manifest HIM to the world and raise HIM up. That He may "draw all men unto Him."

This is the object of this article.

## The Analogy Embedded in this Psalm.

It must be remembered that no analogy or metaphor drawn from the field of nature can illustrate spiritual truth with absolute exactness, the spiritual world being a "higher one," nevertheless nature is a poor fall of pictures or images of spiritual things from which Christ Himself drew many of His illustrations.

The parallels here used as to the creation of worlds or the winning of them by attraction, allude of course to the dawn of creation long ago, though illustrations of every creation do happen now and then.

And, oh! the worth of a soul! Is not each, in a sense, worth the Christ to purchase it?

Reader . . . YOUR . . . soul . . . ?

## DAILY MESSAGES

From the Syriac Version of the New Testament.

Sunday.—A chosen vessel, to carry My name. Acts xl. 15.

Monday.—Called and sent by Jesus Messiah in the good pleasure of God. 1 Cor. i. 1.

Tuesday.—Not with wisdom of words, lest the cross of Messiah should be inefficient. 1 Cor. i. 17.

Wednesday.—That your faith might not arise from the wisdom of men, but from the power of God. 1 Cor. i. 3.

Thursday.—For a discourse concerning the cross is to them who perish, foolishness. 1 Cor. i. 18.

Friday.—Lo, hath not God showed us the wisdom of this world is folly? 1 Cor. i. 20.

Saturday.—God hath chosen the foolish ones of this world to shame the wise. 1 Cor. i. 27.



Life, and the Life More Abundant.

God has more for His children than the "maina" of jordan: He has the grapes, honey, and corn of perfect love, joy, peace, and Pentecostal fulness of the

spirit. He invites to-day, saying, "Eat, O friends, drink, yea, drink abundantly O beloved; let your soul delight itself in fatness!" Hallelujah!

FLAVORED MILK.—We once read of an Indian who said he was on land or in water; he could drink two gallons a day; if you only put a little dash of whiskey in, so that the strong taste of the milk wouldn't be perceptible." He was like many modern religionists; they do not desire the pure milk of the Word; they want it so flavored with the world's wisdom, that no true child of God would know it to be milk at all. Why not be honest, and have their interleaving spirits without mixing them with Christian doctri-nes and religious cant?

**Self or Christ.**

(See Frontispiece.)

**W**e believe there are men who are rich in this world's goods, rich in faith and heirs of the Kingdom of God, but they are not afraid to TELL GOD HOW THEY GOT THEIR MONEY AND HOW THEY USE IT.

The Word of God tells us that there are two appointments made for every man which he must inevitably keep. The first with Death, the second at the Judgment, and what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?

Successful speculations and a long series of deals by which he outwitted his fellow-men are but poor records for a man to bring to the Judgment Bar in place of justice, mercy and truth.

A tramp asked a workman, who was about to take lunch off the roadside, for a bite to eat. The workman handed the tramp a small piece of bread, and then bowing his head asked "our Father" in heaven to bless the meal.

"Did you call God 'our Father'?" quizzed the tramp.

"Yes," replied the workman.

"Then, if God is our Father, we must be brothers!" queried the tramp again.

"That's so," asserted the workman.

"Well then, give your brother half that big chunk of bread and meat, and don't put me out with this little pie," said the tramp.

Just at this point is where the man in the frontispiece has failed. This is where the rich man of the Gospel failed—he neglected the man at the gate—he failed to love his neighbor as himself.

Some years ago in the wreck of a California ship, one of the passengers fastened a belt about him with \$200 in gold in it. Just then a little girl, weeping bitterly, implored his help. He knew he could not save both gold and girl.

He hesitated.

Then he dashed off the belt of gold and threw it from him into the surf. "Put your arms around my neck," he said, and dove into the sea.

Both were saved.

If it is your gold or your soul, which will you save? Self or Christ?

**THE FIELD COMMISSIONER IN RAGS  
AND OTHERWISE, AT PETERBORO.**

HE fierce rays of the light that ruleth the day beat down like burning liquid upon the land with no more than a breeze to moderate its intensity—the perspiration streamed off our brows and dropped off the bandana head into the dry, dusty road. The workmen had celebrated their Annual Meet on Dominion Day at Peterboro were arranging for an excursion down the river, which drew many people—the volunteers with scarlet coats and white helmets were gathered in a large noon—with all these things, and more to consider, it was a source of surprise that the crowds turned out so well to the three meetings conducted by the Field Commissioner in Peterboro.

There was a splendid crowd to commence the holiness meeting with in the morning. The Commissioner from the very start gripped the attention of all, as well as compelled the minds of Christians and sinners to turn to an inward review of their lives. The necessity of having a clean heart was the burden of the Commissioner's talk, and she appealed especially to those who once professed its blessing, to seek it again.

"Have you lost the testimony of a clean heart? I do not think you lost your love for God, but did you lose it, or act like it—have you lost your inward possession of it? Have you fallen from its heights, have you broken its pledges? Is it your fire, your zeal, your toll less and yet seem harder than they used to be? Do you know who with you, the sinner, have fallen, fallen? Is the brightness of your first love you went up towards the heavens?"

With the brilliancy of a sky-buster, but like it, after its burst of sparkling stars, you have gone down in grey ashes."

In her well-known persistent and commanding manner the Commissioner forced the truth home to every heart, and the practical results were seen by a number of the plainest form seeking the blessing of a clean heart, one or two having come for salvation.

The crowd in the afternoon was pronounced by the Sergeant-Major to be the largest for a very long time back, and in the very excessive heat, I would add, they gave exceptionally close attention all through the meeting. The Field Commissioner introduced three of her adopted family: Willie, Pearl and Anna. While the latter two were the first to have not been mastered, her vocal lessons was distinctly qualified from public singing, in spite of her personal convictions that she was quite able to do so. The very appearance of these three white-robbed darlings commanded a fluttering spell of admiration, while the songs of Pearl and Willie, with their penetrating sweetness, and distinct pronunciation, evoked much applause.

Miss Booth's remarks were largely meant for Christians and backsliders. The text was turned to advantage by serving to illustrate some spiritual truth, to bring out some useful point, to clear up some perplexity or doubt in some person's mind and to show

**Just Why that Backslider had Lost His Hold of God.**

The varied and changing expressions of the audience plainly told how much

Adjutant and Mrs. Stanyon visited Newmarket to conduct the concluding services in connection with the Ten Days' Camp Meetings held there. The Camp was pitched a mile and a half from the town right in the bush. The tent was filled but at the afternoon services were held in the open air. The meetings were times of power and blessing. Three souls sought salvation.

Adjutant Goodwin, that veteran from the North-West comes to Ottawa and will be assisted by Captain Vance.—Adjutant Aikenhead, from the East, takes command of the Peterboro Corps and District.—At Montreal corps Adjutant Burditt, a 100 year old man of India's fame, will hold the lines.—Ensign Allen, from Montreal, goes

the talk was appreciated, and how deeply the truth had struck and found a response in many hearts.

The high temperature sunk somewhat towards evening and the large hall was well filled with a rather super-to-ribbed audience. The poor sinners stop and think before you sing, was the opening song, the excellent brass band playing it with good effect. The singing of this old hymn brought an appropriate feeling to the meeting, a feeling very appropriate. After prayer Adjutant Morris soloed "And yet He will thy sins forgive," which has blessed innumerable souls in its sweep round the Territory. Willie and Pearl were again present to conduct their meetings, and the close of the meeting was by singing their duet, "Jesus bids us shine with a bright clear light," followed by Willie's latest acquisition, I'm on the rock at last."

The Commissioner preceded her address by singing two verses of "My sins rose as high as a mountain," which she did in her own impressive and characteristic way, commenting between the verses upon the vastness of God's forgiveness by striking illustrations, accompanying herself on the concertina while Adjutant Morris played seconds on the mandoline with good effect.

Masterly, passionate and pointed was the Commissioner's address at night. The purpose, the power and the aim of God's Word was well set forth with a strength of conviction, tenderness of persuasion, and aptness of illustration which held hold of the conscience of the crowd with exceptional force. Sinners trembled with terror and contrition. An unusual amount of attention at times disturbed the audience. It was a time of great heart-searching, in which many writhed up in the worth of their own hearts attitude before God and found out wherein it lacked in the Heavenly scale.

The band did good service in the prayer meeting by accompanying a number of the songs, and the soldiers stuck to their knees well.

**A Little Boy Led the Way**

to the penitent form, followed after a stiff fight by several others, but many deeply convicted sinners and backsliders stoutly refused to yield, but the pleading brought to bear upon the platform and by the many fished. The total of the Sunday's meetings amounted to twelve souls.

If I were asked to describe the Monday night's meeting in a few words, I would say nearly three hours of unslackening, unceasing, lightning-like tones, singing, applause, and of the most thrilling emotions. It was announced as "Miss Booth in rags," and as everywhere where it has been held, all those present were liberal in their expression of appreciation. You have not ever heard of a sinner, "I would not have missed it for anything," from every lip. In speaking of her alum experience and dressed in her garment as she used to wear in the slums, Miss Booth is invincible and so sways the crowds that they forget time and place and are surprised when they find out that they have been listening for two hours to an address.

Ensign Kerr was untiring in her care to make the Commissioner comfortable at her quarters, and the soldiers and bandmen turned out well at all the meetings. God bless Peterboro.

B. F.

to Dresden Corps and District.—Adjutant Bradley goes to Cornwall Corps and District.—Ensign Kendall follows up to Cobourg Corps and District, assisted by Lieutenant Dora, who will make the welkin ring with his songs of praise.—Ensign Stalger becomes a D. O. and takes command of the Peterboro Corps and District, whilst Adjutant Grosjean becomes the rd brad and becomes Captain of the Peterboro Corps and District. Liddell also steps one ahead and becomes a Captain as second to Adjutant Burditt at Montreal.—Still

another, and this time a worthy sister, in the person of Lieutenant LaLonde receives a mark of recognition and becomes Captain at Renfrew.—Captain Stalger goes to Peterboro, whilst Lieutenants O'Neill, of Odessa, and Williams, of Milbrook, change over.—Lieutenant Bacon becomes second to Ensign Stalger.—Lieutenant Carter, in the name of the Queen, presents Adjutant Ogilvie, and Captain Bradley, to Campbellford.

—There are more to follow and the following have received farewell orders: Captain McIntyre and Findlay, Lieutenant Owen and Beecher, Captain Green also farewells from Gananoque.—Hot Springs.

Adjutant Manton spent Monday and Tuesday at Newmarket Camp, and had the joy of seeing a backsider, and there was joy among the angels over one sinner that repented. "Return ye backsliding children, and I will heal ALL your backsidings."

**STRAIGHT TALK FROM THE OLD BOOK.**

"I will come near to you to judgment; and I will not be slow to execute my curse, and against those that oppress (defraud not) the hireling in his wages, the widow, and the orphan, and that turn aside the stranger from his right; and do not, saith the Lord of Hosts."—Malachi iii. 5.

WHILE my father stood off and threatened punishment for wrong-doing I did not feel very much concerned. There was "no need to meet trouble half way;" but when he CAME NEAR I became alarmed—and not without cause.

He had both the will, the power, and the opportunity to punish, and of course HE DID IT.

Sinner! have you continued undisturbed at the Heavenly Father's threatenings because they appear afar off? He says "I WILL COME NEAR to judgment." Be aroused and repent. His coming need not be a great privilege of His "dear children." Why will you meet the Judge as any other than a Friend and Father?

If you refuse to be saved by Him, know that there is no getting away from His condemnation.

"The eyes of the Lord are in every place beholding the evil and the good."

"Seeing is believing." No circumstantial evidence here. You have been seen in the commission of your sin, and the ONE WHO SAW YOU SINNING WILL BE A SWIFT WITNESS AGAINST YOU.

Did you think the sin done out of the gaze of the public eye were to be hidden forever? "There is nothing covered that shall not be revealed," and "God shall judge the secrets of men."

The Lord mentions particularly some characters. "Sorcerers." What is intended by "sorcerer?"

If you are one you know. Are you rendering to evil spirits that belong only to the Good Spirit?

"Adulterers." No use mincing the thing. The damnable ADULTERERS, this is crawling about in secret under the very shadow of the places dedicated to God's worship. Sometimes it even values but a fair portion of men and gets itself condemned by the guilty crowd. THE ULM MUST BE ROUNDED. See Eph. v. 5: I Tim. i. 10; Heb. xii. 14; Rev. xx. 5; Rev. xxii. 15. Oh, let the voice of God through His Word, be enough to turn you to repentance.

Lying is a horrible sin. He who lies in ordinary affairs FALSE SWEARERS, will lie when placed in a court of law. Lying is the coward's sin. A man void of "soul"—with a "relentless disposition"—lets all the responsibilities his former actions have brought upon him. A MAN would face it out and endure the result, even though he die. It is all fudge to say "A man must lie," even if he has to tell lies to do it."

Another characteristic of a lie is its inability to stand alone. One lie—nine hundred and ninety-nine times out of a thousand—necessitates another, and so on till the first lie stands like the apex of a pyramid supported by an immovable base of mud. Let all them to be revealed at last in the white light of the Judgment Throne

**Stub Ends of News.**

—Major Osborne has arrived in the States from England.

—When writing for the War Cry, use a separate piece of paper for each subject.

—Adjutant McLean and Ensign Kerr, of East Ontario, have been appointed down East.

—Major Friesich's article on the Klondike is largely reproduced in the American Cry.

—Major Chandler has been appointed to take charge of the Men's Training Home Work in the States.

—It will be wise for officers to keep gifts for the Harvest Festival while out visiting and War Cry selling.

—Brigadier Bennett, recommends his officers to get the Band of Love to vigorously take up the work for the coming Harvest Festival.

—The biggest man in Newmarket got converted when Adjutant Byers, the District Officer, visited the corps a few nights ago. The following Sunday he drove a few hundred miles down to the Camp ground, where he helped the converts get up considerably.

—Captain Stubbs is quite sick; Captain Taylor has been compelled to go on extended furlough through complications arising from an old complaint. Captain Lizzie and Mary Branigan are quite sick also. Pray for these sick comrades whose absence from the front causes it difficult to keep our corps officered.

—Owing to the fact that Adjutant Blackburn has been at almost every District Headquarters in East Ontario, and has also had a good many appointments in Central Ontario, it has been impossible to appoint him to a District in connection with the East Ontario changes. He therefore takes command pro tem of the Peterboro corps.

Christ, and then—you can supply the rest, since your destiny will be only an extension—a working out of the character you take with you when the "Swift Witness" testifies and the Judge condemns.

Say, did you think God took any account of the wives OPPRESSORS, you paid your employees? He does.

The wages question is not only in the hands of the Unions. God takes sides on that question. He declares He will be a swift witness against "those that is not only your employer, but may mean your corporation—it is certainly "those who oppress the hireling in his wages,"—"the widow and the fatherless."

How much of this oppression—to an extent we Westerners can scarcely believe—has been committed in our lands only since Judgment Day will declare. But the groanings of the oppressed are not forgotten. He also heard the groanings of His people in Egypt and has heard the cry of every down-trodden boy, girl, man and woman during all the long years of the people's sorrow. He has recorded His hatred of it, and for those who will not listen to His voice as teacher, He has promised RETRIBUTION. Is not the present war with Spain an illustration of the working out of that law?

God remembers the stranger. Ay, though he be a THE "tramp," a poor old STRANGER, "sundowner," "humping his bluey," as the Australians express it, from one place to another in search of work.

He has no friends.

Heavenly! The Swift Witness is his Friend. 3,600 years ago He recognized that the "stranger" had rights, and warned His people not to infringe upon those rights. "Thou shall neither vex a stranger, nor oppress him. Ex-xxii. 21 and xxxii. 9.

This charge is LAST on the LIST in FIRST in "AND FEAR FACE." He who fears NOT GOD, is not likely to respect men. Love to God is the real source of love to man. Whoever really loves God will find that love bursting out in deeds that bring him wide in the image of the God he loves. The love of the Father begets the love of His children.

Reader, do not be fooled. The Judgment Day is as sure to come as death. God, who never lies, says it, and the universe will collapse before His word shall be broken. Are you saved? Will you meet God in the judgment as a lamb? Will you now repeat and ask His forgiveness? Christ died for the ungodly—for YOU, and for Christ's sake YOU MAY HAVE PAR-DON NOW. Ask—for the Greatest Authority has said, "He that asketh, receiveth."

C.

[For Our Boys.]

A LIFE A LIFE.

**M**R. JONES was a man who always told the exact truth, and the same regard for truth which he practiced himself, he demanded of those whom he employed. When he had thus secured a position in his office, every one said it was a splendid chance for a boy. If he suited Mr. Jones he was sure to work his way up to some responsible position in time. His father cautioned him about his conduct before he began work.

"Remember," he said, "that Mr. Jones is very particular about truthfulness. He is as particular about it in small matters as in large ones. Keep this always in your mind."

Mr. Leith was anxious to impress the importance of absolute veracity on his son, because he knew that he was inclined to be somewhat lax in this respect.

For a time Harry profited by his father's advice. Then he began to get careless. It was not long before Mr. Jones satisfied himself that Harry's statements could not be implicitly relied on. Then he said to him:

"We must part company. I have no use for a boy who cannot and I cannot have him in confidence."

"Do you mean to say I have lied to you?" asked Harry indignantly.

"You may not call it lying," was the reply. "Some people smooth it over with their conscience by calling such things 'white lies.' I do not care if he lies or not, but what he does say I'm sorry we cannot get along together, but we cannot—for I cannot trust you."

So Harry lost his "splendid chance." Remember, boys, whether you call it black or white, a lie's a lie.

# MISS BOOTH

## With Her "Queen City" Soldiers.

**D**ESPITE the many pressing public claims made upon the Field Commissioner, and the thousand and one other matters of primary importance to her constituency, Captain Hargrave has sung, and the Comptress her favorite weapon—the Bible—quietly tells the tale. It is now certain we are to settle down to something sound and solid, without being stiff; to something interesting as well as being instructive; to something alive and exciting.

"Yesterday, to-day, forever Jesus is the same," with due prominence to the "yesterday and to-day," is sung and sung again, its meaning and bearing on our hearts and lives and work being acceptably enforced by the Field Commissioner.

"Report the meetings, and get it all into one column," are my orders—a most difficult task indeed if I am to do anything like justice in description of the marrow and fatness of these blessed gatherings, to say nothing of their flesh, and bones, and sinews. They possess, however, four phases, should I say properties, which MUST be told.

### 1. Their First Impressions.

"That's right, we'll keep the doors closed, we'll give our very best efforts to keep all influences to distract in any way from our devotions. We are here on important—HIGHLY IMPORTANT—business. The eye of no critic is upon us. The cold indifferent influence of this poor, profane world outside. No one but yourselves and your own leaders, your Commissioner and your God are here. HE has come to save, to bless, to comfort, to strengthen. We to open our hearts to HIM, to sympathize, to love, to help and pray for each other. We are better educated, more appreciative, and assist each other all the more in this great work after to-night. God is going to do great things for us."

Such were the expressions which the Commissioner desired and succeeded in making her audience feel as a complement to the first, as conducted and witnessed the last of those special soldiers' meetings at the Lisgar Street, Temple, and Lippincott Street corps, but a few days ago.

### 2. Their Nature.

The fact that special tickets of admission had been printed and judiciously distributed among the soldiers, recruits and converts only, and that Staff-Captain Hargrave, the Sectional Commander, was standing at the door to extract from each would-be attendant a contribution, and the secret of the exclusion of the staff, had already caused, ere the meetings began, quite a few wonderings as to what was coming on. "Are we to be thrilled with a glowing description of exciting and hair-raising experiences of Miss Booth's recent trip with the Klondike Expedition to Skagway?" "Is some new scheme for the pushing forward of the war to be propounded?" or, "Is the Harvest Festival to be launched in some such novel fashion as the 'White Rose' of the wonderful Massai Hall triumph?" were questions that pressed themselves in upon many minds. But we shall soon see. The Chief Secretary has risen to his feet with song book in hand, with that determined expression upon his countenance, and that noble gazing of his right arm, so signal by his own, and with witty sallies interspersed here and there, lines out and leads an opening song, such as, "Bless me now, said I, 'I believe Jesus saved me, while the world rob'd' said in the direction of a spiritual 'go.' It does not altogether remove the query from the mind of

all present as to "what will be the end thereof?" A soldier and Brigadier Margetts have prayed, Mrs. Staff-Captain Hargrave has sung, and the Comptress her favorite weapon—the Bible—quietly tells the tale. It is now certain we are to settle down to something sound and solid, without being stiff; to something interesting as well as being instructive; to something alive and exciting.

"Yesterday, to-day, forever Jesus is the same," with due prominence to the "yesterday and to-day," is sung and sung again, its meaning and bearing on our hearts and lives and work being acceptably enforced by the Field Commissioner.

Really enjoyable, profitable soul feasts, rich with spiritual manna, well seasoned with loving counsel and Christlike fellowship, and without decoration by that eloquence and intellectual adorning which characterize the accompaniment of crowds Miss Booth's efforts are the neatest description I can give in the space allotted. "It was good to be there."

### 3. Their Direct Results.

Something happened. It could not be otherwise. Had these meetings not been long planned for, and earnestly and fervently prayed over? Time and breath spent in believing prayer is not in vain. God's presence in the convicting influences of His spirit was at work in those hearts, where were lukewarmnesses, controversies, questionings and backslidings, as well as in commanding, strengthening and renewing power, for those hearts who were living "in the light."

As the result of this Divine working in harmonious accompaniment with the clear, simple, straight truth declared by His handmaiden, the Field Commissioner, whose inspired utterances were evidently first prompted by the same Spirit.

### Thirty-one Precious Souls

kneit at the Mercy Seat claiming the "white robe" of a clean heart, in exchange for such garments hitherto worn of pride, unrighteousness, jealousy, a mouth-forciving spirit, and other similar besetments.

"Have you ever made a sensation—not by the sweet sound of your melodious voice, not by the wonderful gifts or talents you possess, not by your marvellous knowledge—but by the bare naked power you possessed?" "How have you ever possessed the 'CLEAN HEART'?" "Have you KEPT IT?" were the kind of home-thrusts given. How could such seed sown under such influences fail to bring forth fruit speedily?

### 4. A Living Effect.

The inspiring influences did not die as the sun's position was pronounced by Colonel Jones. "We are going on, and will continue to live on in the increase of the already strongly existant love among the soldiery for their leader and for each other: in the greater sympathy and oneness of spirit, of aim, of purpose, of the corps soldiers, and those soldiers who are the Headquarters Staff as the result of diversified workings and duties, and I venture to predict that in more willing, daring, out-and-out effort to save souls as the opened up a greater number of "white robes" salient in our midst, will this living effect be seen. God grant it may be so.—"Soldier."

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

The "ALL THE WORLD" for July, is a particularly strong number. We especially draw the attention of readers in this Territory to the article, "A Peremptory Command," by Mrs. General Booth; "Problems," by Mrs. General Booth; "Cathedral to Cattle" by Staff-Captain Ethel Galt, of Winnipeg. There is also an article from Australia descriptive of Mrs. Booth's work among the Chinese of Melbourne, which will interest many people around the Territory.

"HARBOR LIGHTS," the Army's monthly magazine published in New York, while being a good number, gives an extra interest to the friends of the Army, because it has an interesting and well illustrated article entitled "Klondike, Ho!" by Adjutant Agnes L. Page. There is also an excellent picture of our Headquarters Staff Band, with a descriptive article.

"UPLIFTED" is the title of a 40-page book containing the record of the various operations in Australia. It is profusely illustrated, and tells in a series of brief chapters, each of which contains several typical stories of some lost one rescued, what great things have been accom-

plished. The book is well loaded up with statistics, balance sheets, and has an index, by the Commandant. The cover is especially artistic, and the whole book must have cost the Entertainer a pile of hard work to prepare. Later on we hope to publish from it some extracts and statistics.

## ALL ABOUT OSHAWA

### AND THE VISIT OF EDITOR COMPLAINE AND ENSIGN KENNEDY.

**A** COUPLE of the Editorial men went Salvation Campaigning at Oshawa during Dominion Day holidays, and had a series of blessed victories.

There is no more thriving nor up-to-date town in Ontario than Oshawa. In fact, so much so that one of the War Cry men took an opportunity of interviewing the first official of the town. It being such a good place to live in, and the corps being hardly in need of a few handmaiden-Fidellers added to its present list of bravest, perhaps some Salvationists will arrive to transfer there—they must go prepared to build, however, for there is not an empty house in the town, although they would probably find good and remunerative employment.

His Worship, the Mayor of Oshawa, is the proprietor of a large dry goods store.



**MAYOR POWRIE, OF OSHAWA.**

He received the representative of the War Cry most courteously. Leaning his elbow on his desk, the Mayor ran over a list of the business features of the town.

"There is," he said, "the Ontario Malleable Iron Works, employing 200 men; the Schenck Works, employing 50 men; which sends its goods to places far apart as Victoria, in the West, and Newfoundland, in the East, and which finds occupation for a large number of ladies; the McLaughlin Carriage Works, the largest concern of its kind in the Dominion; the man in the Williams Piano Works, occupying an entire block, and employing about 300 men; the Woon Manufacturing Works, making threshing machines, and the Coulthart, Scott & Co., agricultural implement makers, employing 500 men, and 500 more respectively. There are others. Nearly all are extending their business and enlarging their premises."

Continuing he said, "We have in contemplation the erection of a public market, the construction of a sewerage system, the building of an up-to-date water works, and there is a large grain elevator."

His Worship also referred to the excellent electric car system, by means of which not only passengers but freight is conveyed to any desired point along the main roads; and to the beautiful maple trees which form picturesque and shady avenues of almost every road in the town.

Statistics of the special meetings compare most favorably with the previous averages, being doubled or trebled in almost every particular. Of the spiritual impulse time will surely tell of more victories than the one who again yielded her heart to the Comptress. The meetings and evening meetings were especially large and powerful. In the afternoon Mayor Powrie read a very instructive and edifying lesson, and the people sat for over an hour listening to Ensign Kennedy's life story.



## IMPORTANT NOTICE!

0 0 0

THE FIELD COMMISSIONER  
has fixed the dates for holding  
the

## HARVEST FESTIVAL

as follows:

ONTARIO, August 27, 28, 29  
and 30.

All places East and West of  
Ontario, September 10, 11, 12  
and 13.

(Signed) C. T. JACOBS,  
Chief Secretary.

## WAR CRY

*Matter for insertion in this paper should be addressed to "The War Cry, Toronto." We do not undertake to return selected contributions. Write with ink on one side of the paper. Leave a margin of one and a half inches on the back sheet of paper for return of War Cry to "Fountain Pen" and for Corps reports.*

## THE STORY OF PENTECOST.

W E commend to the earnest attention of all our readers, and especially to our officers and soldiers, the General's STORY OF PENTECOST, now appearing in the Cry. The Salvation Army can afford to be nothing less than Pentecostal in its experience and operations, and the portrayal of that exalted experience by the General in the STORY OF PENTECOST will, we trust, provoke many to judgment on themselves, and another Pentecostal waiting before God till the Pentecostal Flame shall again descend and clothe us all in Apostolic fashion. Thus only can we be TRUE Salvationists and really do Salvation Army work.

COMMANDANT HERBERT BOOTH'S  
LAST VICTORY.

A 16-Page Paper and a 20,000 Copy in  
Circulation.

C OPIES of the first and second numbers of the new sixteen-page Australian War Cry have reached this office. Formerly nearly every Colony in Australia had its own War Cry: now, with the exception of New Zealand, which is a three-and-a-half day's sail from Australia, and consequently must have its own paper, the whole of the War Crys have been amalgamated into one, which is published from the Melbourne Territorial Headquarters. The Commandant, who is a great statesman as any of the Parliamentary men of the country, has therefore gone ahead of the Australian Federationists, and incidentally with the one paper for every part of Australia, is sure to aid in the promotion of the Federation idea. The paper itself caters for a wide range of tastes both in and out of the Army. The Commandant contributes some splendid comments on the world topics of the day in his own peculiarly able style. Other matter is presented in a new, brief and readable form, making on the whole a very fine paper. Both the Commandants and Major Ellerington, Editor in Chief, are to be congratulated on this development which we fully believe will be a distinct success; indeed, a rise in the circulation of 20,000 copies has already been accomplished. Advance, Australia.

## RAH! FOR WEST ONTARIO!

T HIGHLY a Blood-and-Fire religion abroad in West Ontario. That old and hard-fighting Province, led on by Major Southall, is more than "whooping up" the Paper War. For two weeks West Ontario has topped the list of War Cry Hustlers, and the Provincial Officer reckons on keeping

at the top. The noble army of busters, both officers and sergeants, are much to be congratulated. They sell more than half the Crys supplied to the Province, a total of about 2,500, which is away up past any other command.

## THE COMING HARVEST FESTIVAL

JUDGING from the newspaper reports from all parts of the country, there is to be an exceedingly plentiful harvest. That being so, our coming Harvest Festival Campaign should, to say the least, maintain the magnificent rate of increase of the past few years. Most of the Provincial Officers have already sounded the reveille to their troops for this undertaking, and at the Territorial Headquarters the Field Commissioner and his Staff have been much in council as to the best ways and means of securing a mighty victory. Extensive preparations have already, for some time now, been in progress in the Printing Department, and our Fighters on the Field may reckon on having the Plan of Campaign and all the machinery necessary in good time, so as to give the most favorable opportunity for a huge success.

BRIGADIER STREETON TAKES UP HIS  
OLD POSITION AT NEW YORK HEAD-  
QUARTERS.

O UR old Comptroller of Finances, Brigadier Streeton, after eight months' successful work as Chief Divisional Officer in the New York State Division, has been re-appointed to the position of Field Secretary at the New York Headquarters. In his capacity as Field Secretary before, he gave eminent satisfaction to his comrades on the Field, as well as running his Department successfully, and it can only be looked upon as a mark of confidence and esteem which his character and work have created in the minds of his Territorial leaders, that he should have been re-appointed to the important position he now occupies, a position which, although of a different character, is quite equal in importance to that which he has just vacated.

BRIGADIER READ IMPROVING IN  
HEALTH.

B RIGADIER JOHN READ, veteran of the war, and indefatigable as ever, even past the limit of his strength, has made another rush from his spirit-breaking sickness, this time to Owen Sound: but instead of being annihilated, like Cervera's fleet, has won a great victory, and is at the time of writing, we rejoice to say, in better health than in a long time. Oh, that God would fully restore him. Who can offer the prayer of faith?

ADJUTANT BARNES ORGANIZES AND  
SELLS OUT.

A NOTHER illustration as to the value of organization is furnished by the Temple Corps, Toronto. This corps, one of the oldest in the Territory, has been poorly situated for organized War Cry selling for a long time. Adjutant Barnes has taken up the work of organizing in dead earnest, and with the result that within a week or two of the organization of his forces, all the Crys had sold out, and to his corps' supply. The newly-arrived General Publication Sergeant, Major Brother Bradley, declared he would not stop short of 500 sales, which will place his corps at the top of the Territory.

## DIVINE RADIANCE IN THE ARMY.

"The Army's radiance is a thing divine,  
Which dared to pierce where sunbeams may  
It threw a ray on darkest hearts—on mine!  
Shone through all shades, and burst into my  
Soul as souls as these are lighted lamps from  
God.

Send to earth's gloom to gladden a while;  
To make the gloom like morning down life's shadowed  
road.

To wake a bird and bid a flower to smile;  
Still the eye of man's despair,  
Still the eye of God, and makes a rain-  
bow there.

By an ex-soldier, who first read of the Army in a  
prison cell.

## The Story of Pentecost

## AS HEARD IN HEAVEN!

A VISION.

## BY THE GENERAL.

## THE FINAL CONSOLATION.

"It was then that Peter, moved by the blessed Spirit, amidst this solemn silence, repeated the terms on which God was willing to fulfil the promises of the Master, and asked those of us who were prepared to be absolutely governed and guided by the Holy Spirit to rise to our feet.

"The feelings of that moment cannot possibly be described in words. My own heart seemed to stand still. Over and over and over again I examined myself to see whether I was prepared to leave all to follow, obey, suffer, and die, needful for my Lord. A lifetime seemed to be crowded into a few minutes. My past history, my present motives and activities, and all I had, and all I hoped to have, passed before my gaze, and then, satisfied as to the sincerity of my soul, and the whole-heartedness of my purpose to follow my Lord, I rose to my feet. At the same moment the whole company stood with me. There was now no more hesitation, not one held back or remained behind. We were all of one heart and mind.

## SIGNS AND WONDERS.

"Immediately the floor under my feet began to tremble, and the roof above me literally rose and fell, like a place, while the walls rocked like a reed shaken by the wind: and, before we had time to consider what it all meant, or to ask a question of each other, there came a roar louder than the blast of any tempest we had ever heard, and then, immediately afterwards, the place was filled with a dazzling golden light that played round every individual, settling down on every head in a form like unto a cloven tongue of flame.

## STEPHEN THE MARTYR PRAYS.

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the consciousness of certain evils remaining in their hearts. There were sinful dispositions and tendencies which, though not having the mastery, were still resident in the soul. For instance:

"With not a few of my fellow-disciples there were some little jealousies felt with respect to Peter. Some of us, remembering his deplorable cowardice and disgraceful failure in the past, resented his boldness in coming so prominently to the front during these present days. They thought he ought to have preferred a lower place.

"Among us were some of the fearful class like Nicodemus, who shrank from an open confession to the Lord and a public avowal of their intention to proceed at once with the dangerous task of attempting to establish His Kingdom on the earth.

"There were some who still hankered, like the sons of Zebedee, after the more prominent positions in the new Organization.

"Then there was a great deal of uneasiness with regard to the future. Some, like Thomas, who, while curious of ever doing the Master's will, were afraid of the Master, or the fate of His followers, risen from the dead, had still serious doubts as to the possibility of making other people believe in Him, or persuading them in any number to become His followers.

"All these dispositions, however, and every other form of pride and jealousy, envy and selfishness, were swept away from every heart. Evil, whether inward or outward, had been driven away by this manifestation.

"There were, however, as the result of this, Baptism, naturally, a wonderful Realization of the Presence of God with us. All at once it seemed as though our lost Lord had been found again, our absent Christ had come back, and the time had come not to be seen here or heard there, but to be realized by observation, but to live within us, and to go away again no more for ever.

#### THE REIGN OF LOVE

"Then there was, beyond question, a glorifying up of every heart with Love! Our wait and tiring there was of soul to soul! Perhaps never before in the history of the world had there been seen a company of hearts so flooded—nay, so overflowing—with love, as were gathered together in that Upper Room, that night of Pentecost. Every semblance of suspicion or selfish preference between us had vanished, and after the first burst of praise to God had subsided, we looked into each other's eyes, and then embraced, weeping and rejoicing, greeting by turns. It was a Feast of Love.

"There was also, along with all this blessedness, which came to our hearts with overpowering force, a Burning Desire to publish to the uttermost parts of the earth the wonderful, amazing, joy-revealing Salvation which now possessed us."

I did not enquire of my informant whether these disciples were made conscious of the possession of the "Gift of Tongues" at the time of this visitation in the Upper Room took place. That it possibly was so is suggested by the fiery emblem that sat on each of them, but that of we cannot be certain. We can be quite sure of one thing, however, and that is that when these men, with a fire in their bones, they were carried away with a burning impulse to go and tell the multitudes of their fellow-countrymen and others assembled for the great Feast of Pentecost, of the wonderful news coming to them with life, death, and resurrection of the Master, and of the salvation that was for them and for their children—indeed, for the whole nation.

That was the main object of the miracle—the end for which the Holy Ghost had come to the earth. That end was realized. Everybody felt that they must go and tell everybody else what had happened, opening their eyes to the chance that was before them, and compelling them to avail themselves of it.

It is possible—nay, probable—that they were all in the dark as to what was going to happen. They did not realize their ability; they did not foresee the mighty success God was going to give them in their attempt to publish the name of Christ. This did not anticipate—how could they?—the wonderful crowds that were going, eagerly to listen, or the remarkable liberty and power of speech, with which they were going to be endowed and assisted. All that they knew and felt was that it was for them to go, to preach, to fight. The results were God's business. They had faith in Him.

As I have said, it is quite possible that there was no possession of the gift of tongues until the need for them came up. They simply opened their mouths, and God filled them with words as well as with arguments; and, probably, no one was more astonished at

the ability displayed than the disciples themselves.

#### THE TONGUE OF TONGUES.

Have not we Salvationists often had a similar experience ourselves? Have we not had the language gift bestowed after this miraculous fashion: have we not, in our meetings, seen the gift of that Tongue of Tongues in the part—the Tongue that speaks the language of the heart, the Tongue that not only speaks out of the heart of the speaker, but right into the heart of the listener? O, verily, verily, is it the Tongue of Fire.

So away they went. There was no one to suggest anything about Providence—no one in that room that morning, anyway, said if any man's heart was desirous of freedom, of the possibility of losses, or imprisonments, or tortures, or crucifixions that lay before them, he would not have been listened to. The passion was on them, and in themselves, as they went. They had to go to it, indeed. It was for their God, who had inspired them with the passion, to see to the consequences. That is just how they felt.

"Accordingly, we passed out into the community, continued the Heavenly visitor. "It was the first time that any meeting had been made on the city. Every public square and open space where a crowd could be collected was utilized for our meetings. The chief centre of the effort was the spacious court of the



CLOVEN TONGUES OF FLAME.

Temple. Here the crowds from every part of the world were gathered. Here they stood about in groups, eagerly learning the latest news and earnestly discussing it. Into these little crowds you would have seen, had you been there, every now and then some Apostle, with eyes flashing and hands clenched, and, in a moment, throw himself, and immediately commence in the native tongue of the listeners to proclaim the wonderful news that the long-looked-for Christ had come, that He had justified His claim by working many signs and wonders, and that had been rejected and crucified by the Chief Priest and Elders, and, wonder of wonders! had risen from the dead, ascended to heaven, and poured out on them the promised Holy Spirit, sanctifying their natures, and filling them with love to God and man.

(To be continued.)

#### Mrs. Colonel Jacobs at Eglinton.

(Special.)

Interesting meeting conducted by Mrs. Colonel Jacobs and comrades from Yorkville. Friend lent lawn to hold meeting, and the evening being chilly opened his house. Meeting in drawing-room. Rev. Mr. Roach and others spoke. \$3.40 collection.

#### A Summer Revival.

#### Brigadier Read at Owen Sound.

(Special.)

Splendid and blessed revival at Owen Sound after Brigadier Read's entry. Last Sunday night, for really hot, but barracks filled. Eight souls at the Cross, two after close of night meeting. Audience had gone, but many returned to see the soul liberated and devils cast out. Thursday night, Brigadier Read united Brother Kilton and Sister Walker "for better, for worse," before fully 300 people. Ice cream festival followed. Nearly \$40 income. Brigadier pointed in burning truth. Saturday night a great lighting train. Captain White and Lieutenant Boss and Meeks up to the jubilee. Lieutenant Kivell nobly assisted.

#### The Way to Solve Some Present Day Labor Problems.

About \$500 was quietly distributed among the employees of the McCormick Works, Wingham, Ontario, recently by the firm. Once a year this firm is in the habit dividing up a slice of the year's profits with the employees, and the \$500 distributed was the employees' share. Some of the hands got \$2 apiece, some more, some less.



SISTER DAISY BOND,

War Cry Hustler, Wingham, Ont.

Daisy Bond, of Wingham, Ont., is quite a boomer. She isn't afraid that a drop of rain will melt her, neither is she afraid to boom the Cry when alone, and always seems willing to make them a round on the main street Saturday afternoons. She also takes another round out on Saturday nights, and generally sells out before returning to the barracks, so look out for her name to go up in the Honor Roll.—Ensign W. Orchard.

#### SOMETIMES, SOMEWHERE.

Unanswered yet? The prayers your lips have pleaded

In agony of heart these many years?  
Do you still begin to fail? Is hope departing,  
And that you all in vain those falling tears?  
Say not the Father hath not heard your prayer;  
You shall have your desire sometime, some-  
where.

Unanswered yet? though when you first pre-  
sented

This poor petition at the Father's throne,  
It seems you could not wait the time of  
asking.

So urgent was your heart to make it known;  
Though years have passed since then, do not  
despair,  
The Lord will answer you sometime, some-  
where.

Unanswered yet? Nay, do not say ungranted,  
Perhaps your part is not yet wholly done;  
The work began when first your prayer was  
uttered.

And God will finish what He has begun  
If you will keep the incense burning there;  
'tis glory you shall see sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered, yet? Faith cannot be un-  
answered.

Her feet were firmly planted on the Rock,  
Amid the wildest storms she stands undaunted,  
Nor quails beneath the loudest thunder  
shock;  
She knows Omnipotence has heard her prayer,  
And cries "It shall be done," sometime, some-  
where.

#### ANNOUNCEMENT LIST FOR WAR CRY SELLERS.

THE STORY OF PENTECOST, by the General.

THE ASTRONOMY OF HOLINESS, by Commissioner Booth-Clibborn.  
AT THE LAST, Story of a Tragedy, by Ensign Kenning.

WAR CRY PLATEFORM—Skeletons—  
by Mrs. Adjutant Creighton.

STRAIGHT TALK FROM THE OLD BOOK, by Brigadier Compton.

THE PRODIGAL BOY'S MESSAGE  
TO HIS MOTHER (song) by Adjutant Barr.

And all the News of the War.

#### Corps Correspondents.

The following have been appointed:  
SISTER MRS. JOHNSON, Wallace,  
Ida, May 23rd, 1888.  
COMRADE EDWARD MARCHE,  
New Westminster, B. C.  
LIEUTENANT MEREDITH, Re-  
elstoke, B. C.  
SISTER MRS. BISHOP, Anaconda,  
Mont.  
SISTER MRS. LEWIS, Victoria,  
B. C.

A drunkard is the poorest of fathers,  
and the father of the poorest.

## 'Tis Warm Work, but They're Hard at it!

Sonthall's Hustlers in for Record Making—Fugitives Making up for Lost Time, Spurts Fast Hargrave and Takes Second Place—Hargrave, Going Strong, is a Good Third—Bennett's Supporters Falling off.

THIS WEEK'S TOTALS: HUSTLERS, 192; SALES, 8,273.

## WEST ONTARIO.

Hustlers, 64.—[Sales, 2,819.

S.-M. Mrs. Huffman, Woodstock .. 210

Capt. Hellman, London ..... 175

S.-M. Mrs. Rock, Chatham ..... 123

Lieut. Pyte, Windsor ..... 125

Lieut. Bonney, Brantford (av. 2 wks) ..... 123

Lieut. Hockin, Berlin ..... 119

Ensign Collett, Stratford ..... 81

Capt. Howcroft, Goderich ..... 75

Capt. Huntingdon, Stratford ..... 74

Lieut. Burns, Sarnia ..... 66

Capt. Clegg, Petrolia ..... 65

Adjut. Coombs, London ..... 55

Capt. Mathers, Sarnia ..... 55

Capt. Cockrill, Seaford (av. 2

Sergt. McDougall, Goderich ..... 50

Capt. Freeman, St. Thomas ..... 49

Capt. Haley, Stratford ..... 48

Lieut. D. Bond, Wingham ..... 48

Capt. McCutcheon, Brantford ..... 45

M. Crawford, Guelph ..... 45

Mrs. Ensign McKenzie, Guelph ..... 45

Capt. Powell, Bothwell ..... 40

Capt. Slocum, Ingersoll (av. 2 wks) ..... 39

F. Dept. ..... 38

Sister Carr, McQueen, Windsor ..... 38

Sergt. Norfolk, London ..... 35

Mrs. Adj't. Taylor, Windsor ..... 35

Sister Fritchley, Listowel ..... 35

Sister Ette Brown, Guelph ..... 35

Mrs. Martin, St. Thomas ..... 35

Mother Blake, Petrolia ..... 35

Sister Grace Craft, Chatham ..... 35

Capt. Masterton, Hespeler ..... 35

Cand. Wilfong, Hespeler ..... 35

Sister Annie Hamilton, St. Thomas ..... 35

Sister Annie Hamilton, Hespeler ..... 35

Lieut. Gutzke, Listowel ..... 35

Sister Annie Love, Seaford ..... 35

Sister Maudie Candier, Woodstock ..... 35

Bro. McCurry, Petrolia ..... 35

Sergt. Palmer, London ..... 35

Sergt. Palmer, London ..... 35

Sister Mille Candler, Woodstock ..... 35

Sergt. Coppins, St. Thomas ..... 35

Mrs. Keeley, Chatham ..... 35

Ensign McKenzie, Guelph ..... 35

Mrs. Hockings, St. Thomas ..... 35

Sister Moyer, Ingersoll (av. 2 wks) ..... 35

Mrs. Slocum, Ingersoll ..... 35

Sergt. Cannon, Ingersoll ..... 35

Sister Lewis, Ingersoll ..... 35

Sister Gerle Cheseemore, London ..... 35

Sister Edwards, Stratford ..... 35

Sister Annie Thompson, Sarnia ..... 35

Capt. Barker, Hespeler ..... 35

## EASTERN PROVINCE.

Hustlers, 51.—[Sales, 2,507.

Lieut. Cowan, Halifax I ..... 180

Sister Minnie Smith, Windsor ..... 170

Capt. Horwood, Charlottetown (av. 2 wks) ..... 155

Capt. Penny, St. John I (av. 2 wks) ..... 134

Capt. Goodwin, Halifax I ..... 100

Adjt. Magee, Newcastle ..... 100

J. S. Chas. Vaughan, Charlottetown ..... 76

Capt. Amy Brown, Fredericton ..... 68

Capt. Bowering, Lunenburg (av. 2 wks) ..... 68

Sergt. Read, St. John I (av. 3 wks) ..... 68

Lieut. Muttart, Woodstock ..... 68

Capt. Annie Hutt, Sussex ..... 68

Mrs. Adj't. McGillivray, Charlottetown ..... 68

Capt. Ryan, Kentville ..... 65

Capt. J. W. Clark, Fredericton ..... 65

Mrs. Capt. Thompson, St. John I ..... 65

Sergt. Jessie Irons, Windsor ..... 65

Lieut. Hobbs, Glace Bay ..... 65

Sister Hobbs, Fredericton ..... 65

Capt. Shatto, Ferguson, Charlottetown ..... 65

Sergt. Morris, Windsor ..... 65

Capt. Bowering, Sydney ..... 65

S.-M. Morrison, Glace Bay ..... 65

Capt. England, Amherst ..... 65

Capt. Green, Fredericton ..... 65

Capt. W. Taylor, St. John I ..... 65

Sergt. Alice Lyons, Fredericton ..... 65

Sergt. Jennie Rodger, Windsor ..... 65

Capt. Carrie Sabine, St. John I ..... 65

Sergt. Mary Pollock, Fredericton ..... 65

Capt. McDonald, Glace Bay ..... 65

Sister L. E. Smith, Fredericton ..... 65

Sister Lebaron, Fredericton ..... 65

Lieut. Burrows, Halifax I ..... 65

Sergt. Beaton, St. John I (av. 3 wks) ..... 65

Ensign Penny, Glace Bay ..... 65

Sergt. Funder, Woodstock ..... 65

Capt. L. S. St. John I ..... 65

Capt. Smith, Fredericton ..... 65

Mister Maggie Graham, Charlottetown (av. 2 wks) ..... 65

Ensign Hayes, Calgary ..... 65

Sister M. Wooster, Rat Portage ..... 65

Capt. J. Ferguson, Edmonton ..... 65

Sergt. M. McLoud, Edmonton ..... 65

Bro. M. McLoud, Portage la Prairie ..... 65

Lieut. N. Anderson, Minnedosa ..... 65

Capt. McRae, Minnedosa ..... 65

Junior Cadet Sarah Smith, Kee- ..... 65

watin (av. 2 wks) ..... 65

Hustlers, 3.—[Sales, 85.

Sister Julia Liston, St. Johns (av. 3 wks) ..... 40

Cadet Poole, St. Johns (av. 3 wks) ..... 25

Lieut. Sainsbury, St. Johns (av. 3 wks) ..... 20

CAND. MCRAE, Minnedosa ..... 18

Junior Cadet Sarah Smith, Kee- ..... 16

watin (av. 2 wks) ..... 16

Cand. McRae, Minnedosa ..... 18

Junior Cadet Sarah Smith, Kee- ..... 16

watin (av. 2 wks) ..... 16

## NEWFOUNDLAND.

Hustlers, 3.—[Sales, 85.

Sister Julia Liston, St. Johns (av. 3 wks) ..... 40

Cadet Poole, St. Johns (av. 3 wks) ..... 25

Lieut. Sainsbury, St. Johns (av. 3 wks) ..... 20

CENTRAL ONTARIO, Northern Section.

Hustlers, 8.—[Sales, 223.

Lieut. Brumley, Orillia ..... 50

Ensign Attwell, Orillia ..... 36

Sister Ward, Kilmount (av. 2 wks) ..... 25

Capt. Glass, Parry Sound ..... 25

Capt. Charlton, Parry Sound ..... 25

Lieut. Meeks, Wlarton ..... 24

Mrs. Ensign Attwell, Orillia ..... 23

Sergt. Mrs. Courtmanche, Norland ..... 20

CAPT. H., of Amherst, has sold 15

each week for three weeks." So reads

a post card to hand. F. P. must tread

cautiously. To call him, her—she—he

would be himinut. And yet what

can F. P. do? Why this mystery?

Is it that those solitary, isolated in-

lets belong to one of those

"Born to blush, unseen,

And waste (their) sweetnes on the

desert air?"

"We want to be somewhere in the

War Cry war." This from Newfoundland.

Comrades of that sea-girl Isle,

you may, if you choose, be ANY-

WHERE in our Honor Roll.

The following is as it should be.

"War Cry sellers are respected and

well treated everywhere in Walkerville

and Windsor, and their weekly visits

are welcome in most places. 176 War

Crys are taken and paid for every week

and there is always some profit to the

seller."

News to hand from St. Kitts as fol-

lows:

"We have made an advance of \$66

War Cry sold outside for the quarter

ending June. We have eight brigades

going. This quarter we have been able

to pay for War Cry every week.—J. B.

Beall, Publ. Ser. Major."

This is the latest from a toyn in

North Ontario:

"Can you ship a few more people to

this town, and let them be those who

crave to get the War Cry regularly.—

Sign. Snooks."

This is overwhelming. F. P.

always felt that there were some things

certainly to him, but when it comes

right in his line, but when it comes

to agency to conducting an Emigration

Agency, and in this hot weather too—

Well, the thought of it is too much.

Really, brother Snooks, I must be

excused."

Well, it's a long lane that has no

turning, and a ditto road that has no

end— and as these notes must end

sometime, somehow, as well now as

any other time.

Till next week au revoir!

Yours affectionately.

COUNTRYMAN to hustler: "If I was

never married I would like to have a

wife just like you, for if she stuck to

me like that, that would be the end of

me."

With that he bought the Cry.

It would seem as if the country friend

had a wife, but that he had lost

her. We trust she will yet come back.

A certain corps takes 102 War

Crys weekly. The Cry reports baving sold

21 copies. What about the other 11?

Comment needless."

"C. D. H., of Amherst, has sold 15

each week for three weeks." So reads

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any other time.

Till next week au revoir!

Yours affectionately.

FOUNTAIN PEN.

MAJOR MCMLIAN,

accompanied by

THE LIFE GUARD'S BAND

will conduct

GIGANTIC CAMP MEETINGS

as follows :

WINNIPEG, July 15th to 20th.

RAT PORTAGE, July 23rd to 28th.

CAMPATIEN, July 24th to 29th.

CAMPATIEN, July 25th to 30th.

CAMPATIEN, July 26th to 31st.

CAMPATIEN, July 27th to 1st.

CAMPATIEN, July 28th to 3rd.

CAMPATIEN, July 29th to 4th.

CAMPATIEN, July 30th to 5th.

CAMPATIEN, July 31st to 6th.

CAMPATIEN, Aug. 1st to 7th.

CAMPATIEN, Aug. 2nd to 8th.

CAMPATIEN, Aug. 3rd to 9th.

CAMPATIEN, Aug. 4th to 10th.

# The East.

## Brigadier Pugmire in Newcastle Division.

Our beloved Provincial Officer has come and gone from the district. His visit has been like a ray of sunshine to everybody's heart. Week end collections more than doubled, attendance increased correspondingly, soldiers strengthened, local efforts made to feel more the importance of their position, backsiders returned, and those who had become estranged reconciled once again. All honor and glory to Jesus.

The meetings at Chatham, although a little different in their nature, were very interesting and very successful. Captain and Mrs. Jennings, with their aides, had the arrangements well in hand. Their reception to the Brigadier was a brilliant affair, considering circumstances. The work ten was well arranged and well attended. The barracks was beautifully and tastefully decorated for the occasion. The Rev. Mr. Watt (Presbyterian) presided. He is a warm friend and supporter of the Army. He has been so from the beginning and has made great sacrifices in its interests. In very kind and suitable language he introduced Brigadier Pugmire, who gave a very interesting and profitable address on the General Social Scheme through the world. After a salvo song, the choir sang an appropriate hymn. L. J. Tweedie. He commenced by acknowledging that at one time he had felt it his duty to oppose the Army, but said they had at any rate made one convert. The hymn was excellent, in a bold, frank, pointed and eloquent address, praised the local corps for their tenacity and perseverance, wished them prosperity, and sat down amidst the cheers of the people.

A vote of thanks was proposed and seconded by the Brigadier, the meeting was adjourned, and a very good crowd attended the supper afterwards. The following night the Brigadier conducted a musical meeting, which was much appreciated, as well as the ten cent tea afterwards. The proceeds amounted to \$2,000.00, which will help the Army to get a very good financial footing and give them a magnificent opportunity to go right in hot red for God and souls. The Brigadier regretted very much that it was impossible for him to get to Cambellton.

## Major Collier in Prince Edward Island.

Dear War Cry—I am just on my return journey from that most beautiful part of the Eastern Province known as Prince Edward Island. I have spent three days there in addition to one day's going and to-day's returning journey. After a most delightful trip across the Straits on the above named steamer, I arrived at Summerside on Thursday evening, the 30th, where I met the Captain Lorimer, of Summerside corps. We took the train at once to Charlottetown, where we arrived about 10 p.m.

The attractions here were a picnic on Dominion Day and special Salvation Army meetings during the week-end. (Professor) Harvey met us at the depot and took us to his comfortable home for the night.

Did it rain? Well, yes, it poured on the morning of Dominion Day, but it was soon over and we were steaming up the West River to the "Wm. Alkens," to Shaw's Grove. The trip was a magnificent one. The second trip of the boat at noon brought the best crowd as the weather had become fine. We had a good day, a nice meeting, and rest in the city.

The boat was finished up in a magnificent open-air on the Market Square, Ensign Perry and Captain Lorimer, with the new Charlottetown brass band rendered valuable assistance.

Saturday night we had another beautiful open-air meeting, where we put in the most of the exciting, just returning to the barracks for a few final words of warning and another offer of salvation to those who had congregated there.

Sunday morning more rain, and a company at lines-drill. We had a good march and a most beautiful holiness meeting at 11 a.m., at the close the three comrades sought the blessing of a clean heart, and each one testified to having found it.

In the afternoon we marched to the Park, where several hundred people had assembled. By this means many heard the truth that otherwise would not have done so. We had a beautiful time, good collection and believe good will be accomplished, and perhaps some one set aside.

The heat all day had been almost unbearable, and between the afternoon and night meetings we had a terrific

thunder storm. This did not hinder us having a good open-air at our old stand on the market. We had a good crowd inside, but just as we were going to close, the rain stopped and the thunder storm came on. The crowd sat quiet and there was much conviction and some shed tears, but none would yield.

We will not soon forget this visit.

The officers, soldiers and friends were all present, and we hope to have the opportunity to return again at an early date. Bands master Heisler, of Halifax, helped us all through the meetings, and his singing and playing was much appreciated. For the present, good-bye. — Yours fighting, T. H. Collier, on board S. S. Northumberland.

## Star Lights from the East.

Brigadier and Mrs. Pugmire attended the picnic in connection with St. John, on July 1st. An outdoor meeting was held on the sands. The strong band was in evidence. \*

The P. O. did last week-end at Sussex, 1,000 volunteers are camping here, and they came trooping into the barracks. Good crowd, one soul, debt cleared, is the report he brings back.

On Sunday, July 10th, seventy-eight officers farewelled from their respective commands, nine of them being D. O.'s. Let us hope to see magnificent revivals as a result of this change.

We welcome Adjutant and Mrs. John McLean and Ensign Kerr into the Province. God bless them.

Staff-Captain Galt and Adj. Alkenhead leave us and take up appointments elsewhere. Both have done nob-

# East Ontario.

Houlton—Good open-airs and inside meetings. Great open-air attendance. Five souls got saved. Some special meetings though no special attended them.—Emily White, Reg. Cor.

Tweed.—One backsider returned to the fold Saturday night. Of course the devil didn't like this, but angels rejoice at the sight. The Captain is back from his full of fire, and was going in with the precious Blood-bought souls in this town.—Mrs. Robinson, Reg. Cor.

St. Johnsbury.—Since last you heard from us Ensign Kendall, our D. O., is needless to say that the Ensign's visit was a great blessing and cheer to us. We had with us also Captain McNaney and Lieutenant Carter, of Newfoundland, and rest of all we have always God with us.—Yours in Him, Captain A. McColl.

Montreal L.—We have been having blessed times with God. On Saturday night one soul came back to God and received pardon. Sunday morning one came for cleansing, and Tuesday night three more came. We spent the 1st of July on Mount Royal with the corps, and had a blessed time together. Finished with a meeting praising of God for His mercies. Sunday times of blessing and refreshing, though none yielded. Monday night two souls came to God and got saved.—W. G. R. C.

Ottawa.—The fight still goes on under the leadership of Mrs. Adjutant McLean, the Adjutant having gone on a



OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS OF LITTLE CURRENT CORPS, MANTOULIN ISLAND.

ly in the Province. Good-bye, comrades. We shall think of you.—Soldier Boy.

Summerside—Captain Lorimer and Lieutenant Green and things nicely arranged for a Junior's picnic on Tuesday. We went over to Bebeque, and had a most enjoyable day with the Children. On Wednesday night we had a meeting at Travellers' Rest. owing to the night being wet our crowd was not very large, but we had the presence of the Master with us and had a good time. We had Ensign Perry with us for Saturday and Sunday. The subject for the meeting on Saturday night was "The Tree of Blessings." Beautiful meeting all day. Sunday, however, a heavy storm prevented many from attending the meeting. Mattie Gamble, Reg. Cor.

## Newfoundland.

Pelly's Island—Victory is our battlecry here in Pelly's Island. We had a visit from our brand new D. O., Ensign Cooper, accompanied by Lieutenant Pitcher, of Jackson's Cove. Sunday was a time of praying and believing. Sunday night we had a meeting, and upon the heels sought and found the sinner's salvation. This is a beautiful place and we are believing for wonderful times in the near future. With God on our side and a beautiful D. O. like Ensign Cooper, we are in for a hard time. Through Christ we shall conquer.—Yours to be true, Lieutenant S. Newell, for Captain P. Mercer.

by the League in the Industrial Home. Cadet Hearnes and Sister Mrs. Smith were welcomed as new members of the League. Captain Ward closed the meeting with an earnest appeal to the sinners. Captain Ward and Brother R. L. Werry sang solo during the meeting. After the meeting ice cream and cake were served. The proceeds went to help on the League work.—C. Hard-

# West Ontario.

St. Thomas.—We had our picnic at Port Stanley on Friday, Dominion Day. A very enjoyable time. Big open-air meeting in the afternoon and night Saturday, magic lantern service by Captain Collier, very interesting. A good day Sunday, although stormy. Two souls at night. War Cry all sold.—R. Freeman.

Hespeler.—Mrs. Major Southall with us for week-end. Good meetings. We are in victory during the summer campaign.—W. H. for Captain Barker.

Woodstock.—We have just completed a glorious week-end, 1st, 2nd and 3rd of July. Major and Mrs. Southall assisted by Captain Smith and the Galt Brass Band, conducted a series of meetings, which shall not be forgotten. We had a glorious time together. The Major poured in song, and God's truth, which had the desired effect. The Galt band boys worked hard throughout, not only in rendering some excellent salvation music, but also doing their best to get souls into the Kingdom. We had a number of souls cry to God for pardon, also many of our soldiers consecrated themselves afresh to God. A warm welcome awaits the return of Major and Mrs. Southall and the Galt band when they come this way again.—W. J. Wakefield, Ensign.

Listowel.—Staff-Captain Phillips was with us for the 1st of July. The majority of the folks left town that day, but the ones who remained appreciated the meetings on the 1st.—Captain. Week-end good in spite of the hot weather.—Fred Burton, Captain.

Clinton.—On Tuesday night at the soldiers' meeting five came out and sought and found the blessing of a clean heart. Ensign Scott with us on Wednesday night. Blessed time to our souls. Our band was invited to attend a picnic in London, Ontario, by the Methodist Church of that place. They were treated well, and altogether they had a very enjoyable time.—Ida Bezzo, Reg. Cor.

Ridgeway.—Ensign Dean, Financial Special, and Lieutenant Blodgett, with us for Saturday and Sunday. Although the heat was oppressive, the crowd were good and finances up. Some old friends were blessed and inspired. This is one of the Empire's old battlefields.—Yours fighting, T. H. McLeod, Captain.

Windsor, Ont.—On Monday night we had Captain George, the converted comedian, from Chicago, with us. The meetings were well attended both outside and indoors, and collections good. Staff-Captain Phillips with us Saturday and Sunday. Good meetings throughout the day, though none yielded to God's voice.—Sergeant Mabel Lloyd, Reg. Cor.

# The Pacific.

Burnett.—We are still marching on and having good meetings. On account of the warm weather our attendance has not been so good. Last Sunday we had a Junior demonstration, June 21st, at which we took in \$10.05.—Secretary D. W. Davidson.

Lewiston, Idaho.—Parewell orders having come, Lieutenant and myself said good-bye to our many comrades and friends on Thursday night, after a stay of almost six months here. A surprise in the way of ice cream and cake was given by a few of our friends at the close of the meeting, which was enjoyed by all present. We were sorry to leave as we have never been treated with greater kindness and respect than during our stay here, and do indeed pray that the work of God may continue to prosper. During our stay here we have seen a number of precious souls kneel at the Cross, who have since taken their stand as soldiers. We give God all the glory and go to our new appointments to do our best in His service.—Fanny Bowers, Captain, E. C. Hazen, Lieutenant.

Helena.—Everything is moving along nicely here in Helena. Ensign Stalger

## LIFE AND LABORS OF

James Dowdle  
COMMISSIONER.

## A Biography.

## CHAPTER XIX.

"Strangers and Pilgrims"—Canada Re-visited—A Civil War, and How it Ended—Drunk on Duty—Invasion of a Police-Station—A Large-Minded Mayor and an Impalatable Superintendent—A Daily's Version of the Scene—As It Was and Some Things That Were Not.

**W**HAT on earth is the use of 'strangers and pilgrims' like us hanging on to a house, wife?" said the Colonel, soon after his return from Canada.

"We do not have time for home-life, and we may as well be here as anywhere else," the last remark being an illusion to the periodical visit paid by Mrs. Dowdle to the house they rested in between their various campaigns. There was only just time to wage war with the dust that had accumulated in the house, when the duty compelled them to lock the door again and off to another campaign.

The house was therefore given up (January 10th, 1858), and this devoted pair called no place their home for the next ten years—years full of a great deal of work, and singularly blessed by God.

"Much of our success was due to the absence of temporal care," says the Commissioner. "Remembering Paul's

night of prayer held at II—will give some idea of the Colonel's way of life, with some good and also illustrates how some people miss what they appear to have in earnest."

There were as many as six hundred persons present at the meeting referred to, and at the close of the first meeting, the Colonel began to look for some result, but none appeared.

"Why, what's the matter?" asked the Colonel. "Surely we have not."

## Told all Night for Nothing!

"Oh, you don't understand these people!" said the Captain, drearily. "There are two distinct parties in the corps, and they are at loggerheads. The work has been stagnant for quite a while."

"Are the leaders of the opposition in the meeting?" asked the Colonel.

The Captain pointed them out—they were women.

Both were earnestly praying for God to sanctify them. Going to No. 1, the Colonel asked what they wanted. "I want God to make me holy."

"Can you forgive Mrs. Brown?" said the Colonel.

At this the suppliant reared her head and said, "She's done me a serious injury, for which I can never forgive."

"Then God cannot sanctify you."

So saying, he passed on to No. 2, who was pounding the seat and imploring God to descend in showers of blessing upon her.

"Can you forgive Mrs. Jones?" asked the Colonel.

## The Founding Ceased.

and Mrs. Brown exclaimed, "The lying hussy! She told hundreds of lies about me."

Back to No. 1 went the Colonel. "It's no use praying for God to sanctify you while you regard iniquity in your

hands. I have inflicted sufficient poison to make him forget his manhood, and he began to hault about the little fassie. Captain in charge of the Windsor corps, snow was piled high along the line of march, and walking was difficult."

"Hi, there! What are you up to?" shouted the Colonel.

"Up to? Why, I'm going to run you all out for breaking the law. That's what I'm up to!"

"Come along then," said Dowdle, "to the police station, my lad! We must report this man for being drunk on duty."

The Frenchman had been joined by another official, and, as they hurried in the direction of the station, they were closely followed by the united corps who were

## Enjoying the "Sensation."

immensely. Once the Colonel gave orders for them to turn and make another attempt at holding an open-air on the forbidden spot; but the policeman turned too, and again interfered so the march to the station began again.

"Whatever have we here?" said the superintendent, as policeman and Salvationists entered the station—the one blue with anger, the others singing and shouting by turns.

"Well, our part of the business is to report this man for being drunk on duty, and for shooting about a hassle-Captain. As an Englishman, I can't let such conduct pass."

Then the police told their tale, and the conclusion of the matter was that the Salvationists were told to

## Appeal at the Police Court

on Monday morning. "There were no summonses issued, so I was not obliged to go," says the Commissioner; "but the alderman, at whose house I was billeted, advised me to go, so I went, accompanied by my host."

We quote the following from a report which appeared in a daily paper the next day, leaving our readers to sift the wheat from the chaff.

It is quite true that the Colonel prayed for all present and also treated the court to a few home-thrusts not recorded in the report, which was headed:

The Salvation Army in the Windsor Police Court.

"This morning the portly and doughty Colonel, who had now come to arrest, marched up solemnly to the Town Hall and into the Judgment room of the police magistrate, and faced that personage and Chief Balnes. The charge against the three warriors, which of assaulting the street, was preferred, and the police magistrate laid down the law 'that effect made and provided' with the consequence of its violation, and told the soldiers they ought to have moved on when ordered by the police. The Colonel called on his comrades to stand and pray for the magistrate and Chief Balnes, himself, setting the example, sank down on his knees, and right there, in the sanctuary of justice, poured out his soul in prayer for the two present unregenerated, and wrong-thinking worldly ones. The soldiers tried to escape, but the body of the audience obstructed the way of exit, and the Chief had to stand the storm. When the Colonel paused, the voice of his honor arose: 'There, there, gang away! Ye may march unmolested on the streets, and do as ye do in singin' and drummin' all ye like, on ye must move on when the police tell ye. Gang away! gang away!'

"The conquering Colonel rose to his six feet of height, and, heading his comrades with his 200 lbs. of dignity, marched out of court singing—

'Soulders of faith arise  
And put your armor on;  
The opposing powers of darkness  
Flee before the rising sun.'

"When the strains had died in the corridor of the hall, his honor remarked that the Colonel was 'a great talker.' 'Yes,' replied Balnes, 'he can talk the devil: neither you nor I stand

## The Ghost of a Chance

with him.' Though largely imaginary, the report was correct in stating that the Colonel prayed for his persecutors, and that he did this with a view to beat a retreat. He was prevented, however, by the magistrate, who was a Christian, and who, no doubt, thought the official referred to might 'derive benefit from the exercise.'

After the case had been dismissed, the Mayors shouldered with the Colonel, who wished him God-speed in his work; but the chief constable refused to be comforted, and repulsed all overtures on the part of the Salvationists.

After many similar triumphs, the Dowdles once more set sail for Liverpool.

(To be continued.)



"The Colonel called on his Comrades to Kneel and Pray."

advise, we shunned all earthly 'entanglements,' and so kept ourselves free to go hither and thither, as the Lord should direct. Having no children we were able to dispense with home life."

A successful Scottish campaign pre-  
closed a

Second Visit to Canada,  
when the Colonel was accompanied by his wife.

Commissioner Coombs, who was then in command of the Canadian forces, thought a six-months' visit from the Army's Spiritual Special would prove beneficial; and so, nothing loth, the Colonel once more crossed the "pond" upon the King's business.

The Indian Contingent, who had come over for the International Congress of 1858, joined the Dowdles in Ireland, and their presence on board excited a great deal of interest. Stirring meetings were held, and many of the passengers afterwards testified to the good they had received.

After staying for a while with the Indian Contingent, the latter continued their homeward journey, the Dowdles going on with their work.

"Our visit," says the Commissioner,

"lengthened us into twelve weeks of

soul-saved and soul-saved—some of them very head-over-heels sort of

folk, I can assure you. Altogether we

held something like 625 meetings in

50 different towns and cities, saw 925

seekers at the pentent form and 94

backsliders restored."

An incident connected with an all-

heart," he said. "You must come out and forgive your enemies, or remain in sin."

Out walked Mrs. B. to the table.

"Forgive all, and God will bless you."

So saying, the Colonel returned to Mrs. Jones, whom he induced to come to the table also.

Two women knelt exactly opposite each other, and the Colonel began to speak. The women did not flash fire their tongues emitted sparks, for, apparently taking no heed of the Colonel, they began to rate one another unmercifully.

"You lying hussy—you've told hundred of lies, and you're a shrikie," said Mrs. Jones, while Mrs. Brown replied to the opposition what she had done for her.

It was a terrible scene, and anyone with less courage than the Colonel would have closed the meeting. Instead of this, he kept them before the Lord, until they had both given in, made full confession, and embraced each other.

After that the corps was completely broken down,

The Opposing Parties  
gave in, and numbers, as a result, were saved.

On Sunday night the Colonel and the comrades composing the Windsor corps were in the saloons belonging to the Detroit Club, who were to unite with them for the week-end.

At the place of disembarkation a great crowd of folk had gathered, and they looked so tempting that the Colonel could not resist the opportunity of "pitching in."

It was not long before a policeman who was to interfere—a Frenchman, who had imbibed sufficient poison to make him forget his manhood, he began to hault about the little fassie. Captain in charge of the Windsor corps, snow was piled high along the line of march, and walking was difficult.

"Hi, there! What are you up to?" shouted the Colonel.

"Up to? Why, I'm going to run you all out for breaking the law. That's what I'm up to!"

"Come along then," said Dowdle, "to the police station, my lad! We must report this man for being drunk on duty."

The Frenchman had been joined by another official, and, as they hurried in the direction of the station, they were closely followed by the united corps who were

and Captain Stone, who have been in charge for some time, have done some good work. Would have gladly kept them longer. The boys farewelled from here on Sunday and will hold the fort at Bozeman for a time. May the Lord abundantly bless their labors and their labors be cast. Several good cases of conversion during their stay. To God be all the glory. Adjutant Woodruff and Captain Bonnetto are in charge here now, and we are hoping and praying that many who are now in darkness will be brought to a realization of their condition, and seek and find the Saviour precious to their souls before it is everlasting too late. —Yours in the war, E. H. Wickerham.

Central Ontario  
Southern Section.

Yorkville.—Sunday God's Spirit felt in all our meetings, and at night four precious souls sought and found salvation. We ended up the day with an old-time open-air meeting.—N. R. R.

Social Farm.—We had Colonel and Mrs. Jacob Smith, Major and Mrs. Smeeth here Sunday, which meant a rich spiritual treat of salvation truths. Large attendance at night in spite of the heat.—Chas. C. Good.

Oshawa.—Brigadier Complin and Ensign Kenning for special meetings. Glorious times. Friday, holiness, one asked God to forgive her straying, which He did. Glory! Saturday, indeed, was good to them. Many were moved with the Spirit's striving, but would not yield. All say, come again soon.—E. C. A. R. Corp. Cor.

Lisgar St.—Red-hot, Blood-and-Fire meetings led by Adjutant and Mrs. Stanton. Three professors were at the foot of the Cross and got nicely saved. Adjutant Wriggins' brother and his two chums followed each other to the Mercy Seat and found mercy. The Commissioner's visit to Lisgar Street has been a blessing to us, and put the soldiers in the fighting trim. God bless and soon bring her back again, is the prayer of the corps.—Brother S. McFarland, Reg. Corp.

Central Ontario  
Northern Section.

Parry Sound.—Good meetings on Sunday. One soul at night, for which we thank God and pray that he shall be faithful unto death.—Captains Glass and Charlton.

Omemee.—Dear War Cry, I have been looking for a report in your pages from Omemee for some time, but failed to find one, so as your humble servant is sick in bed, and nothing to do but pray that God will save the sinners and keep the saved from fall, I thought I would send you a few lines to let you know that Omemee is alive and going in for souls. Since Captain Neilson and Lieutenant Marshall came three souls have sought and found salvation. This may be the last writing I shall ever be able to send, for it is all that my soul, Dear unsaved ones, what about yours? Think of it now and count the cost.—Correspondent Sister Cornet.

(May the Lord bless and sustain our Correspondent, whom, if it be His will, may the Lord restore to service once more.—Ed.)

Little Current.—On the 15th of May Captain Smith and Lieutenant Mainwaring arrived. Since their arrival we have seen five souls seeking salvation at the feet of Jesus. The new officers are already very much loved both by the whites and the Indians. We have received appropriate native names and are learning the native language.

On Sunday, June 12th, we had Ensign Andrews with us, the new Provincial G. B. M. Agent, who conducted the meetings, which shall be long remembered by the people of Omemee.

At the Sault Creek Reserve, report says, Garden River Indians, near the Sault, are in hunger and thirst after the righteousness of God. This a rather influential band. The Salvation Army should attack this place when the Indian Contingent is here again. Little Current, after a successful stay of about eleven months.—John H. Esquimaux, Cor.

## THE WORLD'S HIGHWAY.

To those who think of travelling the OLD COUNTRY, we would like to call special attention to the fact that we can secure tickets for all the "Royal Mail Steamers" for Liverpool, and other ports. For full particulars apply to Mason's Steamship Co., B. A. Temple, Toronto.



## The Missing One.

By ADJUTANT BARR, New Whatcom.  
Tune.—Knocking, knocking, who is there?

1 Missing, missing, on that day,  
Missing, missing, gone astray,  
Spite of Jesus' loving pleading,  
Spite of mother's loving prayer,  
"Mongst the lost your name recorded,  
Sinner, you'll be missing there."

Chorus.

Oh, why wilt thou die?

Missing, missing, awful doom,  
Missing, mleing, hell's dark gloom.  
Gone for aye, thy God-given chances,  
Come too late thy fervent prayer,  
Oh, the bitter, bitter anguish,  
Of a soul that's missing there.

Chorus.

There is no rest in hell.

Missing, missing, shall it be,  
Missing, missing, said of thee,  
That the lost ones waited vainly,  
At heaven's pearly gates so fair,  
For when welcomed were the blood-washed,  
Thou wert missing, missing there.

Chorus.

You are drifting to your doom.

## A Pardon for a Rebel.

By J. H. TRFSVRAIL.

Tune.—If I only knew how it was done;  
Under the Hood-and-Fire Flag; I'm a  
crank that the devil can't turn.

2 I once was as wild and as gay a  
young fellow,  
As I could find in a crowd.  
But now I am saved, and by Jesus set  
free;

Of the Salvation Army I'm proud,  
Often night as I rolled down the street on  
a spree.

The boys went marching along;  
They all seemed so happy and shouted  
with glee.  
And this was their wonderful song—

Oh, He pardoned a rebel like me,  
Oh, He pardoned a rebel like me,  
Oh, it's pleasant to know that wherever I  
go,  
He's pardoned a rebel like me.

I followed the march and I entered the  
hall,  
And took a back seat by the door;  
They told me of Jesus, the Mighty to  
save;

But all this I'd oft heard before.  
I felt I was bound by the sin of my life,  
And whatever I'd do;

I looked at the crowd, they all shouted  
loud,  
"He'll pardon a rebel like you."

Oh, He'll pardon a rebel like you,  
Oh, He'll pardon a rebel like you,  
Just give up your sin and a new life  
begin,  
He'll pardon a rebel like you.

Then the Lord's Holy Spirit convicted me  
foolish,  
I longer from my sin to be free;  
I fell myself lost, so I went to the Cross.

When He saved a poor sinner like me,  
Now I feel of the Saviour who's mighty  
to save.

Who keeps me from sin ever free;  
In the Salvation crowd I now shout very  
loud,  
"He's pardoned a rebel like me!"

## Going Away from Christ To-Night!

Tune.—Where is my boy to-night?

3 Going away from Christ to-night,  
Away from His pleading voice;  
Going away to sin and shame,  
Oh, why not make Christ your choice?

Chorus.

Oh, why not get saved to-night?  
Oh, why not get saved to-night?  
For you He suffered that cruel death,  
Oh, why not get saved to-night?

Going away from Christ to-night,  
Away from your mother's God,  
Away from all that is pure and right,  
Away from the path she trod.

Going away from Christ to-night,  
To darkness and despair,  
Forgetting mother's prayers and tears,  
And thinking that no one cares.

## Second Chorus.

Your mother is praying for you,  
Your mother is praying for you,  
She is pleading before the  
Throne,  
Oh, why not get saved to-night?

There is hope for you, though you've  
gone astray,  
In paths so dark and drear,  
And God is willing just now to save  
And pardon your sin right here.

## Third Chorus.

Oh, come and get saved to-night!  
Oh, come and get saved to-night!  
In heaven the angels will rejoice,  
If you will get saved to-night.

## My Mother's Bible.

By W. RITCHIE, Kingston.  
Tune.—The cricket on the hearth.

4 All the binding's torn away,  
And leaves are worn and faded,  
And a verse is marked at every  
page I see;  
A corner here and there has by her dear  
hand been turned.

In the Bible that my mother read to me,  
When I was a boy, I'm going dimly sitting  
In the lamp-light glow.

I fancy her dear form I now can see;  
For she found her joy on earth, and her  
hope of heaven above.

In the Bible that my mother read to me.

## Chorus.

Oh, my mother's dear old Bible—blessed  
word of truth!  
Recollections fond it brings of happy  
days of youth.  
Oh, my mother's dear old Bible, lamp  
forever bright,  
Shedding on my pathway rays of Gospel  
light.

I often turn them o'er, those dear chap-  
ters that she read,  
When a little child I hung around her  
breast, and in her  
arms in sorrow's darkest hour many  
and words of joy I find.

In the Bible that my mother read to me,  
And, although I wandered far from the  
paths I should have trod,

I could never from the words she read  
And wherever now I go, I can find a light  
to guide

In the Bible that my mother read to me.

## Boundless Salvation.

Tune.—My Jesus, I love Thee; I died  
at His post; The harvest is passing.

5 Oh, boundless salvation, deep ocean  
of love!

Oh, fulness of mercy Christ brought  
me down above.

The whole world redeeming, so rich and  
so free.

Now flowing for all men—come, roll over  
me!

## Chorus.

The heavenly voices are blowing,  
The cleansing sea is flowing;  
Beneath its waves I'm going,  
Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!

My sins they are many, their stains are  
so deep,

And bitter the tears of remorse that I  
weep.

But useless is weeping, Thou great crimi-  
nal sea.

Thy waters can cleanse me; come, roll  
over me.

My tempers are fitful, my passions are  
They bind my poor soul and they force  
me to wrong;

Beneath Thy blest billows deliverance I  
see.

Oh, come, Mighty Ocean, and roll over  
me!

Now tossed with temptation, then haunted  
ed with fears.

My life has been joyless and uncessant for  
years;

I feel something better most surely would

If on Thy pure waters would roll over  
me.

Oh, Ocean of Mercy, oft longing I've  
stood.

On the brink of Thy wonderful, life-  
giving flood;

Once more I have reached this soul-  
cleaning sea,

I will not go back till it rolls over me.

The tide is now flowing, I'm touching the  
wave.

I hear the loud call of "The Mighty to  
Save!"

My faith's growing bolder—delivered I'll  
be—

I plunge 'neath the waters—they roll  
over me.

And now, Hallelujah! the rest of my  
days  
Shall gladly be spent in promoting His  
praise  
Who opened His bosom to pour out this  
sea  
Of boundless salvation for you and for  
me!

## HELPS FOR J. S. WORKERS.

## Samuel the Judge.

I Samuel vii. 3-17.

## The Ark of the Lord Returns.

THE Philistines soon found that the Ark which seemed to be the Israelites' was only a source of weakness and not strength. Their idol was smashed in pieces when the Ark was placed in the idol house, and they were only too glad to send it back to God's people. So then the Kifrah, or Ark-bearer, a man named Eleazar was especially sanctified to keep it. It takes sanctified people to keep sacred things. Only those who have "clean hands" and "pure hearts" can do God's will and service perfectly.

## Israel's Repentance.

After twenty years of sin and sorrow the Children of Israel began to see the wickedness of the followers of evil. Samuel, now grown to be a noble man, gave them wise counsel. He told them that if they really repented that they would put away their gods. How far people are willing to go in their surrender of sin is always the test of their repentance.

## A Day of Mourning.

All the people gathered together in Mizpah while Samuel prayed with them. They all a prayer that must have been as God's people's hearts out of their sanctified pleadings on behalf of their brethren. That God listened we are sure. A good man's prayer is a wonderful power.

## The Philistines Follow.

Right up to their very place of penitence did their enemies follow the Children of Israel. This made the Israelites very frightened; however, and they implored God not to cease praying. How ready often people are to serve God when danger is near.

## God Forgives and Protects.

Despite their faults and failings, God answered their petition and mercifully delivered them more mercifully than the hands of their foes. Frightened with the thunder the Philistines were astirred; defeated, Samuel did not forget to set up a mark of thanksgiving to the Lord in the stone Eben-ezer with the beautiful meaning. He gave all the glory to God.

## A Time of Peace.

The time that Samuel judged Israel was a very peaceful one. The Philistines gave the Children of Israel no trouble for that space. God honors the life and work of a good man to the well-being of all under His control.

## Samuel, the Righteous Judge.

Samuel was such a good ruler for several reasons—first, because he had, as we have already seen, learned in his early days to be ruled himself; second, because he knew what the will of God was and explained it fully and unhesitatingly to men; third, because he was not afraid; he always gave God the first place, and acknowledged His all-power; and, fourth, because he was a good man. He had been a Junior before he got to be this mighty D. O., with Bethel and Gilgal and Mizpah all in his circuit.

## QUESTIONS.

1. How did the Children of Israel get the Ark back again?

2. After twenty years of wrong-doing what happened?

3. Who prayed for them, and with what result?

4. What was the name of the stone of thanksgiving that Samuel set up, and what did it mean?

5. What kind of life did the people have while Samuel was their judge?

6. Give four reasons why he made such a good ruler?

## MEMORY TEXT.

"Hitherto hath the Lord helped us."

Christ Himself was sometimes angry. We need proofs of Christ's spirit in our day; not only because we are becoming discouraged and slothful in our efforts. The only way is "Repent and do the works." Although humiliating to the flesh to confess these things, it will pay to be honest.

## OUR PLATFORM.

## MRS. ADJUTANT CREIGHTON ON SKELETONS,

And How They may be Raised Again into Mewness of Life.

HAVE been impressed with a great desire we have to fight against in our different corps, viz., heart-breaking.

The words of Job, "Oh, that I were as in months past, as in the days when God preserved me, when His candle shined upon my head, and when by His light I walked through darkness," seem to be the experience of many whether admitted by them or not.

## Skeleton Remains may be Seen.

We are constantly meeting (in the spiritual sense) skeletons—remains of men and women of God who have once been strong, robust, warriors of Jesus, who dared to live under the sneer of the world, who have been led into the way of being moved by public opinion, and delighted in sneering for the interests of God's kingdom—but who have disobeyed and gone into decline.

## All Corps.

They still maintain the profession, they get up to a certain routine of duty, but it is a mere duty. The old love for the fight is gone, the form is left but the power has fled.

They are sensitive, always hating slight, continually being trampled upon, in fact, terrors all over their feet, opposing all that leads up to a whole-hearted sacrifice.

## Neglect of Private Prayer.

Results shown have their cause—we trace them all back to disobedience of some sort.

It is not essential that a man should mind his step or gamble to backslide, it is often "little" little that will do it. Neglect of private devotion, pleasing the flesh, holding on to some hidden treasure upon which the Spirit has given light, or perhaps shrinking the cross, unwilling to leave all and follow Jesus. These sins have broken the deep communion between their soul and God, and come to a standstill.

## A Awful Record.

Like the electric car when it gets out of touch with the wire. The Divine electricity is gone, they stop for moments of panic, and then stumble over. Their testimony fails to move, their prayers fall unheeded by the Lord and they become a dead weight to God's faithful ones, clogging the whole machinery.

## A Pitiful State.

Kne-drills have no charm for them, they draw out for the march better prepared if it has gone before they reach the barracks, very anxious for the first meeting to close to get free, for the prayer meeting is a tedious burden to them.

It costs them but little thought to throw off the great responsibility of punishing souls; their eyes are closed to the crowd of hungering, sin-sick ones who cry for help.

## Dear Towards God, but Not to Sin.

Instead of their ears being open to the groans of the dying, they stop to listen to the gossip, and fault-finding, and backbiting of the indolent ones similar to themselves. To make God sit beside them. To make God sit with them, such responsible for the good they have done had they lived up to their privileges.

## How to get Back.

How may they get back again? Not by being fault with others, nor cloaking themselves in a cloak of self-righteousness, nor by becoming discouraged and sitting low in their pride. The only way is "Repent and do the works."

Although humiliating to the flesh to confess these things, it will pay to be honest.

## Precious Soul, Act on this Advice.

The cries of the needy are coming from every side. Will you, backslidden ones, rise up and follow the Master? Let the blood of souls be found upon your skirts.

The man or woman who stands by God in the workshop is going to pardon for the world of reality.

In with them watch—noting but empty form.

God can make the dry bones live.

Draw near to Him, confess and He will restore to you the joy, peace and power of salvation. "THE CANDLE SHALL SHINE UPON YOU AGAIN, AND YOU SHALL BE AS A LIGHTHOUSE TO STORM-TOSSSED SOULS!"

—

If you wish to sleep well, take a clear conscience to bed with you.

## Diamond Dust.

## A Mother's Bitter Cry.

MAJOR BAUGH.

ONE of the most sorrowful events in my field experience took place just after I took charge of my first corps.

A young man attended our meetings night after night, and sat over on the left side of the barracks, away back; not right amongst the roughs, nor yet with the soldiers; but he refused to come to the platform and yet he could not stay away from the barracks altogether.

When spoken to he said the reason for his not doing so, was that some of the soldiers had not treated him rightly.

He would neither eat with us, nor talk with us, nor part in the meetings.

His mother was a blessed woman and one of our best soldiers; his father, a backslidden from the Primitive.